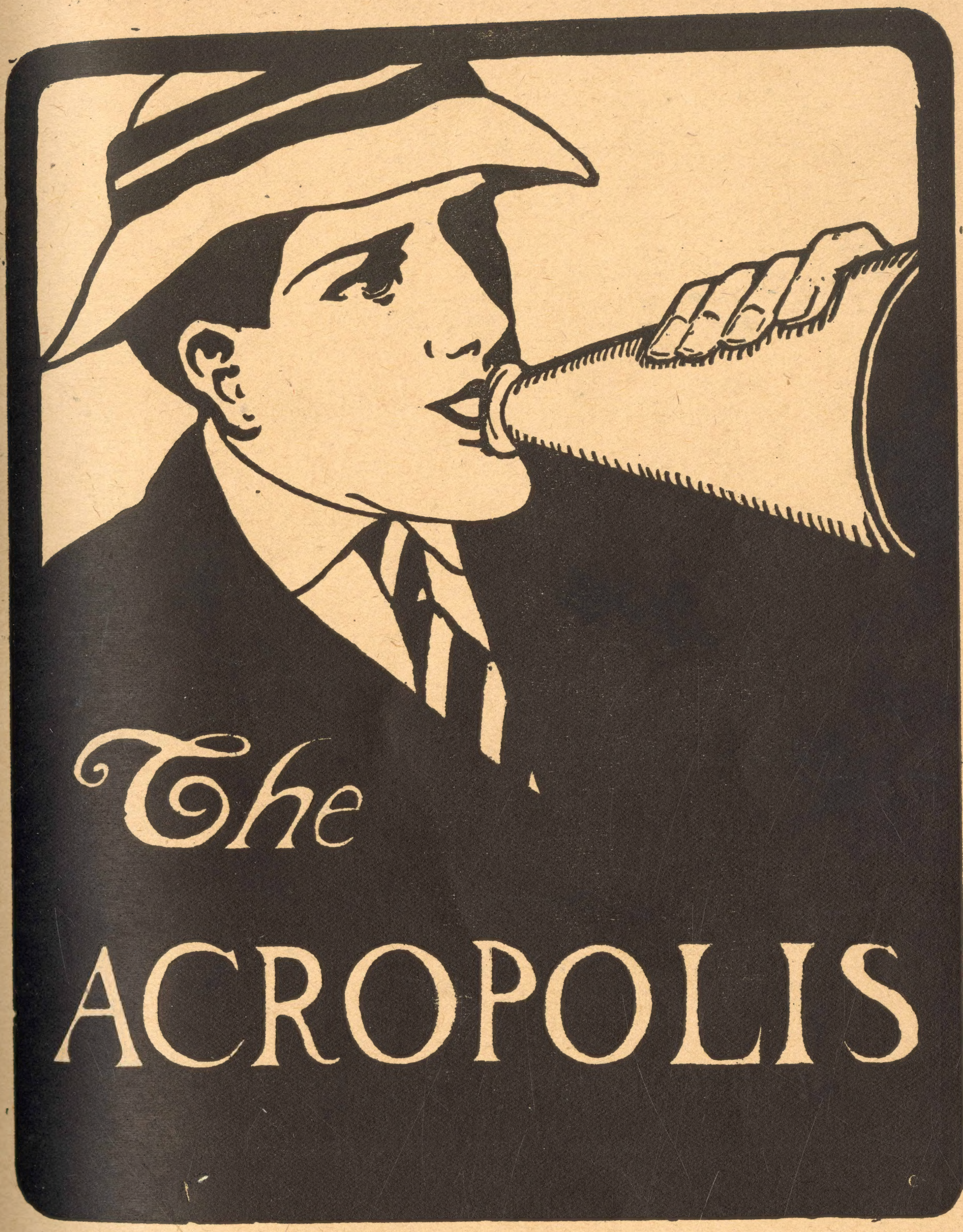

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October - - 1921

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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

October, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-One

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., OCTOBER, 1921

FOOTBALL

Don't be a slacker! come out to the football games! Moreover, don't stay away just because you think we have no chance to win. Just think, if the whole school felt so, what kind of playing by our men do you think there would be. Certainly they would not wish to right for a school giving so little support.

There are probably very few, if any, in Barringer who have that opinion of our team, but how is the team to know it unless you show them otherwise?

Again we say, "Don't be a slacker. Do something!" By buying a ticket and attending a game you help your school in two ways, first, you inspire the team to give the best that is in it; second, you help pay back the A. A. for the suits which it has purchased for your team.

In the last place, do not go just because you are helping your school (although that would be great spirit), go intending to have a good time, then, surely, you will want to go again and again. How would it affect your team to know that Barringer was right behind it? Well, let each one of us try it and see.

Rip 'em up Barringer!
Knock 'em off their feet:
Keep your backs a tearing'er;
They'll be your easy meat.
Hit 'em hard at every play—
Shove 'em down the line,
And when you've won the game today
We'll say you're mighty fine.

GIRLS' GYM CORDS, JUNE, 1921

3A—Blue

Catherine Blewvitt
Elizabeth Barnett
Caroline Ecker
Harriett Bellah
Helen Griffen
Margaret Muller
Viola Mueller
Helen Frawha
Elizabeth Mingle
Adeline Strieb
Elizabeth Stewart

2A—Red

Leone Schmidt — Eleanor Wilsey
Helen Batters — Anna De Giralemo
Mildred Green — Helen Noe
Mary Lanzara

1A—White

Helen Cook — Mildred Juliano
Alita Kinney

Highest marks in Current History Contest conducted by Review of Reviews—given in classes of history, economics and civics.

		Per Cent
4A	Marion Knight	92
	Herman Rummano	92
	Fred Frost	88½
4B	Herman Boxer	86
	Alice Hodson	86
	Chas. Bradley	84
3A	Betty Holland	76
	Janet Hattersley	70
3B	Meredith Scott	69
2A	Doris Squary	
1A	Gervaise Chittick	88
	Harry Komischane	79

Note—Probaby none of the teachers of these subjects would have gotten 100; 90 is an unusually high mark; 70 per cent, a good mark for a junior student.

Prize in Music—P. M. Assembly

Robert Parry

Room 92—Honorable Mention

1st Margaret Blake — 2nd Helen Fairlamb
3rd Florence Seligman

"WHILE MEN LIVE AND WHILE MEN DIE"

"Men," came a voice both loud and clear,
"The time has come, but do not fear,
For in this midst of No Man's Land
God on high will with us stand.
But if a man his life must give,
Let him do it and he shall live
Forever as the years go by
While men live and while men die.

"A shot rings out, a crash and then,
The thump of feet, the shouts of men,
The clash of steel, the rays of light
That pierce the darkness of the night.
Unhesitatingly they go,
Mowed down in heaps before the foe.
Yet with light hearts that know no fears,
And with dry eyes that know no tears,
They go to fight for their loved ones,
Their wives, their daughters and their sons,
But in the end the foe shall give
Democracy, and it shall live
Forever as the years go by,
While men live and while men die."

LOUIS TELLER, R-32.

SEPTEMBER HONOR ROLL

4A Room 31. Edna Doyle, Eugene Frey, Robert Metcalfe, Theodore Rissell.
Room 33. Melita Ahl, Myrtle Loder, Lena Rizzolo, Stanton Townley, Rose Tronolone.

4B Room 25. Thelma Ruffkess.
Room 36. Fairlee McNear, Marie Nugent, Percy Olton .
Room 37. Joseph Falkenheim, Irma Lutz, Eli Silberfeld, Elizabeth Stewart.
Room 63. Laura Edwards, Mathias Neiss, Esther Obertrifter.

3A Room 41. "Nemo Nullus."
Room 50. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Franklin Chattin, Alma Rissell.
Room 51. Richard Graf.

3B Room 43. Frederick Wolpert.
Room 82. Helen Brothers, John Single, Anita Thomas, Fred Van Duyne, Eleanor Wilsey.

2A Room 92. Sarah Jessurum.

2B Room 32. Warren Condit.
Room 65. Clara Rosenstein.
Room 61. Renald Bishop, Helen Breitspecker.
Room 67. Marie Kisling, Arthur Magill, Beatrice Rosenberg.
Room 81. Elizabeth Paskow.
Room 83. Margaret Blake.

1A Room 3[1]. Leonard Tushnet.
Room 56[1]. Ruth Moskowitz.
Room 66[1]. Geraldine Beltrani, Lorraine Fulcher, Nea Norton.
67[1]. Mildred Merz.
82[1]. Charles Hart, Richard Johnson.
95[1]. Robert Knight, Burtis Morningstern, Lily Shapiro.

(Continued on page 30)

Literature

E. REYNOLDS, Ch.
W. CUMMINS
J. YADKOWSKY

E. DODGE
F. HASS
P. OFTON

THE ORDEAL

Lester Barnham and Robert Marley were two typical lads of about sixteen years of age, in the small town of Millville. Millville was in a beautiful section of Maine, about two and a half miles from a rather dilapidated old mill which had in years gone by given the town its name. This part of New England was composed of many small farms, each of which had its groves of gigantic old elms, and its wooded land of tolerant and intolerant evergreens.

The town itself was nothing more than a main street, lined with large old-fashioned mansions. The first of these that one comes to, when entering from the "Mill side" of the town, is the home of the Barnhams. It was in the little front den of this house that the two boys were holding an important conference. Lester was tall, rather heavily built, and dark. His black hair was combed pompadour style and his brown eyes were pensively looking at his well-bandaged left hand which had been stepped upon in the last Saturday's football game.

Robert was, like his pal, tall, but thinner, with a Scotchman's typical sandy hair, blue eyes and mischievous smile. He was now speaking with a bright light in his eyes.

"Les, do you know, I've been thinking a whole lot about this initiation, the last few days. It's going to be the best thing that our society has ever 'pulled off.' The only thing that I've seen that could slip up is that this novice, Jim Lands, is liable to fool us, and not go to the Old Mill at all. He's such a 'happy-go-lucky' fellow that he's liable to say, 'let's not and say we did,' and camp just out of sight of the village for the night."

"Well, what shall we do about it?" Les knew from past experience that when his pal spoke this way he generally had a plan to suggest.

"The only way I see out of it is for a couple of us to follow him up there and see that he does everything he's told to do. We could have a lot of fun there, scaring him to death by making spooky sounds. I passed the place the other night in the moonlight and it certainly was weird looking."

So it happened that on the 18th of September in '21 there assembled in a field on the outskirts of Millville, a group of masked, black-gowned figures that moved mysteriously about in the soft moonlight. In the midst of this spectre-like group was the lone figure of Jim Rands, dressed in old khaki clothes and carrying in one hand a blanket and in the other a box of matches, a candle and other accessories of camp life. Suddenly they all assembled and one of the queer figures held up his hand for silence. In a dull monotone this apparent leader spoke to the unhappy novice.

"You are about to enter on the final, terrible ordeal in the initiation program of this society. Do you promise solemnly, on your honor, never to speak of this ordeal to anyone or hold the society liable for anything that happens to you tonight?"

"I do." He tried to appear brave and act unconcerned, but was not very successful.

"Do you understand," continued the weird

voice, "that you are to go directly to the Old Mill on the other side of the Mill Pond and remain inside there until daylight?" He seemed to be getting impatient, so the prospective member replied in the affirmative so quickly that he surprised himself.

"Then get going!!!" yelled the angry members of the "Secret Society of Black Skulls," suddenly bringing forth clubs and paddles, and brandishing them at the unhappy boy.

Jim ran, in fear, for about 150 yards, and then slowed down to a brisk walk which became markedly slower as he approached the Mill.

The Old Mill was so situated that one going there, must go up a rather short, steep hill and around a sharp right curve before being aware of its presence. Then it suddenly appears; a rather worn dam extending directly across the small depression or valley, the slimy, mirror-like water of the Mill Pond to the right and the Old Mill itself at the other end of the dam so that the water of the spillway falls directly upon the broad wooden blades of the water-wheel. It had not been used for forty years but the old rusted machinery was still there and the water fell on the great wheel in such volumes that were the proper machinery connected up something would be sure to move. The place was said by the older townsmen to be haunted but of course the younger element did not believe this; at least that was what they all said.

As Jim turned the last curve he stopped stock still. Just over the half-rotted shingled roof, the full moon was shining. It cast a pale blueish green light on the surroundings and reflected like so much silver from the still pond. There was not a sound to be heard except the irregular splashing of the spillway waters and the whispering of the wind among the trees. But Jim was not looking at any of these. His gaze was fixed steadily on a small window, just under the gable of the roof. Several broken pieces of glass still remained in the frame.

Had he seen a light there or was it his nerves? No, there it was again. A pale beam of light slowly crossed the window from left to right. About four seconds later it again appeared but going in the opposite direction. Jim waited a full five minutes, but the strange phenomenon did not reoccur.

With a "do or die" look on his face he picked up the blanket, which he had dropped in his excitement, and slowly walked across the dam to the doorway of the Mill.

The door had long since disappeared and as he crossed the threshold, several bats flew past with a loud "swish." He lit a match to locate the stairs and every board he stepped on seemed to have a thousand squeaks in it. Cautiously he ascended the stairs thinking that with each step they would cave in under his weight. As he thrust his head above the level of the second story, into the little garret room, things were plainly visible to him, for the moon was shining in through the caved in roof opposite the window. He was particularly aware of the same strange shaft of light crossing the window that he had seen from outside. Looking up quickly he saw the cause of this occurence on the opposite wall. The place had once been the bedroom of the mill and there, hanging on the wall, was an old broken mirror. A piece of it hung by a thread of paper, from the frame, and swinging back and forth in the breeze, reflected the moonlight across the darkened window.

This discovery gave him some relief, so he spread his blankets on the floor under the window and nervously crawled into them. He had just about had time to think of all the terrible stories that he had heard about the ghosts, robber bands and murderers that were alleged to have inhabited the Mill at various times, when he became aware of a faint but distinct "thud," "thud," "thud," that seemed to come from regions far below the cellar of the place. The steady noise became louder, so he crept to the head of the stairs and tried to look through the blackness below. Failing to see anything he struck a match which light showed him faintly the objects in the room below. Just at this moment a strange thing occurred. As he lit the match the sound ceased, but as it went out it started again. He lit another match and found the same results. From these experiments he concluded in his mind that the sound must have originated from other than mechanical means, for a mechanical sound could not start and stop at will.

(Continued on page 21)

JUST A MATTER OF CHARM

By Eleanor Reynolds

Mary Bennett was conceited, she thought that she was charming. Mary had been brought up with the idea that she had inherited her gracious ways from her grandmother who left this world just as Mary entered it. Grandmother Wilson had been a great belle of Virginia in the days of the Civil War and Mrs. Bennett had hoped that her little daughter would inherit some of her charm. Mrs. Bennett, herself, was a beautiful, charming, young married woman who had always been the leader of the country club set in Ashland, since she had been Helen Wilson, debutante. Interested in parties and civic affairs she had left the care of her daughter, though she loved her dearly, to nurses and a governess who had spoiled their young charge unpardonably. Consequently at the age of three Mary was a much spoiled little girl, conscious of her pretty face and cute sayings. Mary learned to read readily when she was six. One day while looking over one of her mother's magazines she came across the word charm. She asked her mother in a plaintive little voice what c-h-a-r-m meant. Mrs. Bennett was busy getting ready for one of her committee meetings, so she did not bother to answer her child's question fully.

"Don't bother mother now, Mary, she's busy."

Mary pouted and whined until her mother gave in. There were only five letters in the word so it would not take very long to define it.

"Oh! There are charming people, charming books and charming pictures. Oh! Everything can have charm, dearie. You must learn not to bother me with words which you can't understand." She took the little face in her hands and said, "Maybe some day my little girl will grow up to be gracious, kind and unselfish, yes, charming like her grandmother. She kissed the puzzled face and was gone, laughing at what a serious girl Mary was getting to be.

After twelve years Mary was still wondering what charm was. She really was pretty, but somehow she lacked the responsiveness that comes from a sympathetic nature. So the young men of her acquaintance had long ago pronounced her a bore, and forgotten about her, although, every newcomer at Ashville admired the pretty, sad-looking face and asked about the girl.

It was largely due to her mother that Mary had become selfish and egotistical. Mrs. Bennett was so ambitious for her daughter that she would speak in exaggerated praise of her to everyone, until Mary had become self-conscious and proud.

In another part of the great city my other heroine lived. Her name was simply Jenny Jones. Jenny Jones was a poor, very homely girl, who in spite of her unattractiveness and shabby dress was the life of any party which her associates gave. Jenny had worked as far back as she could remember. Her father and mother had died and her older sister, Sally, and she cared for their three brothers and sisters. Sally, Jenny thought, might have been pretty, if she had not had years of responsibility long before Jenny was born. Now Jenny was eighteen, but Sally, well, Sally was thirty. She had worked up to a fairly high position in the tobacco factory. Her greatest ambition was to send every one of the four children through the high school. Sometimes she would lie awake at night telling herself that she must, she must succeed. All the Joneses worked in the tobacco factory, which is the dirtiest, meanest kind of labor, but there was no other employment in the southern city. Jenny ran errands after school and Saturdays. Even little Willy, age eight, had his job.

But Jenny had an ambition, too. It was to be like Mary Bennett, who attended the same high school and was in all her classes. Miss Bennett once in a while would glance in Jenny's direction, a thing which, Jenny said, stirred her soul to its depths.

A short time before the girls were to be graduated one of the city clubs offered a prize for the best written essay on any civic subject.

On the bulletin which was placed in the hall of the high school, where the contestants were to sign their names, Jenny Jones read

(Continued on page 24)

"JOSH"

Was he an educated person? No. Was he rich? Most certainly not! Then what was it which caused blind and infirm Joshua, called Josh by those intimate with him, to be loved by all who knew him long, and honored by the other more recent inhabitants of Bixville?

He surely was not an interesting person to talk to, for he seldom spoke and then only what was extremely necessary. He could not read or write now, for, although he had learned about "readin', writin', an' 'rithmetic" at the district school, he had never mastered these arts, since he considered them useless. Especially now since he had become blind did these difficulties (for him) prove of no use to him. He cared little or nothing about the occurrences in a world bathed in sunlight, since his world was in a darkness which a person who met him for the first time would think he had never penetrated.

He was not pleasant to look at. His skin was marked and marred so that to most people, at first sight, he was repulsive. But not long! Soon even all of the newest inhabitants of Bixville would come to him, one by one, and sit with him or bring small gifts as they passed by on their way into the neighboring city.

Then what attracted people? Josh was human. He loved children and music. Never had he hurt a little child's feelings because he was not in the mood to amuse it. He always was. He saw good in every small child and sought to bring that goodness out. And how the children loved him! Mothers of Bixville seldom sought their children in the backyard or in the street, but around Josh's shack.

He taught them to know good music and to love it even though they were quite young. If Josh had learned nothing else from the district schoolmaster, he had learned to master the violin in those private meetings in the woodshed. He loved fine music and played it in such a way that one hearing him, would know immediately where he got his sunshine. Thus he gave forth sunshine to his young comrades who sometimes refused to have their faces washed, such was their haste to get to him.

"What a pity that he is blind," was the opinion of each of the newcomers in Bixville and they would immediately go to an older inhabitant of the village, who knew Josh, to learn how he had become blind. This was the story they would be told:

"Josh was only a youth of eighteen when a representative of a corporation which wished to establish a factory at the outskirts of the village came to Bixville to get the people's good will in regard to this plan. In lectures, held at the schoolhouse, he tried to prove that all opposition to the plan was wrong. One evening, when he thought that the audience was wavering, he proposed a plan in which all the village children could have a motor boat ride up a beautiful river near which Bixville stood.

"'But,' said the representative, 'since the boat is not so very large, only one grown-up may go along'."

The children were delighted when they heard of the boat ride and unanimously chose Josh to go with them. So, one bright day, he, carrying his violin, met the children and, in the motor boat, took the promised ride.

All the way up the river, Josh played for them, as the children admired the beautiful scenery. They landed a few miles up the river where they played games, ate their lunches and played some more games. When it became so late that they would not reach home before dark, they started down the river again.

But the pilot of the boat was not very well acquainted with the windings of the river and at a junction, where another river met the one they were on, he went the wrong way. It was already dark and still they were not near home.

Suddenly a flame shot up from where the pilot was sitting. The children did not notice it for they, eyes intent on the player, listened to Josh's violin. Another flame shot up, yet Josh played on. The boat stopped and still the children did not notice. They were listening. The pilot battled with the fire while Josh played on. Soon the flames disappeared and the pilot started the boat again. As a last reminder, a flame suddenly shot up again and with it a small piece of iron from some part of the boat flew into Josh's eye. As the boat

(Continued on page 21)

What Do You Think About It?

SOME SCHOOL BOYS I HAVE MET

In view of the fact that some of the boys of whom I would like to write have children in this school and consequently are readers of the Acropolis, it would be quite unwise to discuss the topic in other than an impersonal way. The charge of breach of confidence might be brought.

For instance, I would like to tell of that unstudious and lawless chap who finally found himself on the commencement stage after a storm and stress period of six or eight years—I can't recall which. After graduation he explained to me that he was entirely innocent of the variegated sins of commission and omission that had marked his checkered career; it was a case of heredity; he was merely the reincarnation of his grandfather who had been the scapegoat of his village; that he really deserved credit for being an improvement on his ancestor—a slight improvement, to be sure, but still an improvement. Then, if it were proper, mention could be made of the boy who in an after-school conference chummily addressed me by my first name; as an unconventional mark of esteem it touched me deeply. I should really like to outline the argument of the lad who championed the function of the pony. It was most compelling: never, until he began to ride, had he fully appreciated the force and beauty of Ciceronian oratory; in fact, the "trot" had ambled him into a love for Latin. A strong case did he make of it—but stronger, if the setting of the séance had not included the discovery of a submerged nag under his desk during a test.

Mention can hardly be made of the boy who asked to be excused from reciting and gave as the reason for his unpreparedness that, "to tell the truth," he had yielded to an eleventh hour invitation to go to the theatre. He seemed to merit commendation for his frankness; a headache would have secured the same immunity. When, in response to his teachcer's sympathetic queries, he showed a marked deliberation in recalling the name of the theatre and a total lapse of memory as to the name of the play, he cadidly explained: "To tell the truth, I exaggerated a bit. I would have gone to the theatre if some one had invited me." Were it fitting, a better illustration of candid statement might be offered in the blunt claim of the manager of one of the athletic teams, on the occasion of a clash of ideals, that the faculty had no jurisdiction whatever over high school athletics.

But it would not do, at all, to treat of such incidents—however much they tend to drive monotony from the teacher's life. They should be kept revered memories—and moreover, the presiding genius of Room 41 does not wish to be the target of an afternoon indignation alumni meeting while the golf weather is so fine. Therefore, to safer ground.

In this complex commonwealth of pupils are to be found several distinct types, each distinguished by its peculiar ambition and susceptibility to school influences.

The representative of the first type is the student. His aim is to rank high. He never tries to hurdle regulations. He has not time for athletics or class meetings. He is never tardy, seldom absent and does not over-exercise the ill-health plea as an excuse for unprepared lessons. His knowledge of geographical Gaul and of the manners and customs of the inhabitants thereof is exact; his acquaintance with the office and the Detention Room is nil—both being non-existent to his stormless course. He hews true to the line of the curriculum.

Then there is the Pupil of Affairs. Just how he gains his diploma, none can tell. Sometimes he doesn't. No department of school activities is remote from his energizing influence save one, the recitation room; there he is conspicuously retiring. He is the leader in the Athletic Association debates; he is the guiding spirit of his class organization; he manages the business side of the Acropolis and is counted on to turn a dangerous deficit into a handsome surplus. When of an athletic trend he makes the team—and runs it. His name and picture are

(Continued on page 21)

IMRE DOMONKOS, Ch.
BENJ. REZNICK

HELEN KOLODIN

ASSEMBLY NOTES

On September 16 the school observed Constitution Day. The program was arranged by the American History classes. Owing to the short period given for preparation the program was very brief and as follows:

Flag Ceremony
"America"—By the School
"Introduction to Study of the Constitution,"
Andrew McLaughlin
Read by Hortense Bienstock
"The Preamble, and First Ten Amendments with Comment"
By Harlan DeVoe

Miss Darnell arrange a very interesting program for the school on September 27. The student body as well as Miss Darnell participated.

Hymn—"Just for Today".....Palmer
Hymn—"St. Leonard" .....Hiles
Hymn—"Thy Praise Will We Sing"..Palmer
Song—"Who Is Sylvia?" .....Schubert
Piano Solos—By Miss Darnell
a. "Moment Musical" .....Moszkowski
b. "Seranade" .....Moszkowski
Song—"Alma Mater"—By the School
The Barringer Orchestra played:
"Flying Ace" .....Kemerick

Freshman Assembly Notes

On Tuesday, September 27, the musical program arranged by Miss Darnell was as follows:

Orchestra—"Flying Ace" .....Remerick
Hymn—"Lord, Save Thy People".....Booth
Hymn—"Onward Christian Soldiers"
Sullivan
Hymn—"Tomorrow" .....Wesley
"Alma Mater"—By the School

4A CLASS NOTES

The Senior A's held an election of officers in Room 33 on September 26. The results of the election are:

President.....Harlan DeVoe
Vice-President.....Dorothy Benjamin
Treasurer.....Stanton Townley
Secretary.....Eleanor Reynolds

Several committees have been appointed and they are now at work. By the time this will be in print the 1B reception will be over. Our class, although small, has a very large number of 1B's to entertain and make happy at the reception. The reception will show how active we are.

SPANISH CLUB

The first meeting of the new term of the Spanish Club was held on September 28, 1921. Elections, for the various offices were held, which resulted in the following:

William Perry .....President
Miss Evans .....Vice-President
Sidney Blumberg .....Treasurer
Miss Lobo .....Secretary

Mr. Zweibel was unanimously elected Faculty Adviser. A program committee to arrange interesting meetings was appointed. The members of this committee are: Perry, Cummings, Miss Dolan and Miss Schaefer.

Appeals were made by Mr. Zweibel and President Perry that each one bring to the next meeting a new member, thus increasing the membership. A request was made that all members pay their dues as soon as possible. In concluding Mr. Zweibel promised that the members would enjoy future meetings as he had good things in store for them.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Carlo Magno, a pupil of Barringer, died recently after being confined to the hospital for three months. The cause of his death was pneumonia. At the beginning of this term, Carlo was to ener Barringer as a senior, but now he has entered the realms of the spirit world.

While at Barringer little Carlo was active in all kinds of school activities. He took part in all branches of athletics, specializing in cross country. In this sport he earned his highly coveted "B."

His death was a great blow to many of his schoolmates and companions. These, however, showed their love for him by attending his funeral. His more intimate friends were honored in acting as pall-bearers to their loved comrade. He was laid to rest beside his mother in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

According to his last wish, a Barringer banner rests with his body in the tomb.

We all mourn the loss of this son of Barringer for he was ever loyal to his school and proved a worthy representative of those influences and qualities which we sum up in the term "The Barringer Spirit."

MUSIC NOTES

Perhaps one of the greatest losses to the modern vocal world is the death, this past summer, of Enrico Caruso, the famous Italian tenor. As he is known through his records in almost every civilized country, it is appropriate that there should be an assembly devoted to the music he sang and a sketch of his life. This will be done this month by the upper classmen of the school who are studying music.

The manager of the San Carlo Opera Company is an alumnus of Barringer and is so interested in his alma mater that he has made a special rate to the students of the school for the Saturday matinee given this month.

Miss Ethel Gausler, Class of 1919, is to give a New York piano recital this season.

The orchestra this year has become a patron of the Newark Symphony Society and will receive special consideration for admission to this city organization. Pupils of Barringer who play the wood-wind instruments, saxaphones and violins are urged to join the Barringer orchestra, which beside having this new privilege after leaving school, gives credit for its work as a minor subject and can be substituted for any other minor.

SCIENCE CLUB

A regular meeting of the Science Club was held on Friday, September 30. Miss Mingle presided as chairman until a regular president was elected. The important business on hand was the election of officers, and chairmen for the membership and program committees. After a nip and tuck election, George Haight defeated Eli Silberfeld for president. The other officers elected were Miss Elizabeth Mingle, vice-president; Miss Margaret Mahar, secretary, and Mr. R. B. Saylor, faculty adviser. Eli Silberfeld and Percy Olton were elected chairmen of the membership and program committees respectively. During the recesses caused by the counting of votes, Mr. Saylor showed some very instructive moving pictures. The films were, "The Formation of Dew and Rain," "An Enemy to Beauty," and "Coal Mining."

The new president, Geo. Haight, made some very appropriate remarks on the future success of the Science Club. He promised that very amusing and instructive programs would be prepared. He urged that the members bring new members with them at the next meeting. Mr. Saylor, the faculty adviser of the club, also made a little speech, foretelling "great things in store for the Science Club."

We are sure that this year will be the greatest in the history of the Science Club, so all you studes who enjoy hearing about and seeing scientific inventions and contrivances, wake up and attend a meeting of the Science Club. Your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied.

EXPOSITION TRIP

On September 17, in the afternoon, some students of the chemistry class went on a trip to the Chemical Exhibit given by National Manufacturers in the armory of the Eighteenth Coast Artillery in the Bronx. Although the party consisted of thirteen, a rainy day was all that came near to a "hard luck" trip.

When we reached the armory we all scattered, contrary to plans, and tried to get the

(Continued on page 25)

JOHN HAMMOND
ELIZABETH DE VOE

ANNE BISHOP, Ch.
ED. DIPPEL

ROBERT WALLACE

MEN AND SHOES

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, **both** a sole may lose!
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers, both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete
And both were made to go on feet.
With shoes the last is first; with man
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men-dead, too.
They both need healing—oft are soled
And both in time turn all to mould.
They both are tread upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their tips, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine.
They both peg out; and would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes?

Tommy Stevens: A burglar broke in our house last night and stole a pie I baked and a watch. I've had the police guard all the pawn shops, but no traces have been found.

Friend: Look in the morgue.

Night Owl: Set the alarm for two, please?

Sister: You and who else?

Strongly Prejudiced

Toby: Waiter, bring a knife for the butter.

Waiter: Yes, sir!

Toby: And, oh, waiter, a revolver for the cheese.

Always put off tonight what you are going to put on in the morning.

Capital Advice

The pupil has no E Z life,
  And if he would X L,
He must get all the A D can,
  R E cannot do well.

He will become a C D man,
  And oft be called A J,
Unless he gets what L P can
  Obtain in N E way.

So if he fondly hopes 2 B
  Successful ere he die,
In K C wants to stand with men
  Who R A ccounted high.

Let him work hard and take A Q,
  B E so very wise,
If every D D does is right,
  He surely must R I's.

Let him keep B Z every day,
  And C K task to do;
Or L C cannot hope 2 C
  The N D has in view.

The wife of a clergyman warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground, you'll catch cold."

Women suffer in silence.

Yes, I've always thought a woman was suffering when she was silent.

Teacher: What is a drydock?

Voice in rear: A physician who won't give out prescriptions.

There was once a dashing young spark,
Whose actions, when out on a lark,
Quite filled her with fears
Of burning her ears,
From hearing some scorching remark.

Customer: I want a pair of gloves for my little daughter.

Clerk: French kid, madam?

Customer (indignantly): She was born and brought up in America.

Holy Smoque

When Addison's wife bought a toque,
He said that it looked like a joque.
Though he laughed fit to kill,
After paying the bill
He certainly was stony-broque.

The farmer works the fertile soil,
The baker works the dough,
The pale clerk works all days long,
But the cook works friend and foe.

Indignant

I once knew a man
By the name of Debate,
Whom an officer pinched
For stealing a gate.

At the trial of the thief,
The courtroom was tense,
For 'twas suddenly found
That he'd taken offense.

Post: So you saw the whole family? How did the epileptic daughter look?

Fost: Very fit!

Hiram: I see here, by heck, that a girl was married in her teens.

Mrs. H.: Must have been one of them there new fangled weddin' gowns.

When I was young, alas and alack,
I painted my father's front door black;
He bade me leave at the age of ten,
And never darken his door again.

Latin, you gave unto me
The key to ancient history:
Kings and queens and gallant knights,
Gods and goddesses, pagan rites,
Generals, wars and long campaigns,
Cities built with great men's brains.

A.: I got a zero in Latin today.

B.: Huh, that's nothing.

Young Lover: "Well, I must be going."

She: "Why not wait and read the morning paper!"

Soph: "I passed Shakespeare today."

Dad: "Did he speak?"

Old Veteran: "My father fell at Antietam."

Pert Boy: "Ice or banana peel?"

Student (translating Virgil): "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—and—that's as far as I got, Professor."

Prof.: "Well, I think that was quite far enough."

Mr. Pritchard: "What causes sound?"

Pupil (absent minded): "Noise, of course."

Cicenia rushing to the library.

Rotunda: "What's your hurry?"

Cicenia: "I want to take 'The Life of Caesar'."

Rotunda: "I'm sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

Rotman: "What is perpetual motion?"

Rotunda: "Nightmare."

"The town of Arlington hereby prohibits chickens and dogs at large and riding bicycles on sidewalks."

"Why did he go to the dance without an invitation?"

"To see why he wasn't invited."

Mike: "Where are you going?"

Ike: "No place."

Mike: "You must be going some place."

Ike: "No, I'm not. I'm coming back."

"What's the use of having a speedometer on your car?"

"To tell you how fast you are traveling, of course."

"Nonsense! The cops will tell you that."

"Do you ever sit down to dinner at your house with thirteen at table?"

"What do you think I am, a millionaire?"

"Maud says she puts her very heart into her cooking."

"She must have been very heavy-hearted when she made this cake."

Mr. Wood: What will five tons of coal at $15 a ton and two cords of wood at $8 a cord, come to?

Bright 1B: Ashes.

Choc: If you were riding on a jack-ass, what fruit would you resemble?

Van: I don't know.

Choc: A beautiful pear.

4A: I'll tell you something that will tickle you.

1B: What?

4A: A feather.

Nervous Wreck: "Doctor, I think I need a rest this summer."

Doctor: "All right, Jim, I'll send your wife to the mountains."

I'm afraid I must have made a mistake and given that waiter a larger tip than I intended to."

"What makes you think so?"

"He said, 'Thank you'."

"Has Bobbie been eating between meals?"

"Bobbie has no between meals."—Life.

"Do you want to see something swell? Drop a sponge in water."

Mr. Haggett: Think of those Spaniards, going 3,000 miles on a galleon!

Stude: Forget it! You can't believe all you hear about these foreign cars.

Mr. Saylor: What is it that keeps the moon in place and keeps it from falling?

Physics Star: It must be the beams.

G. D.: A burglar asked me a conundrum yesterday.

E. B.: A conundrum! What was it?

G. D.: Where is your money?

E. B.: What did you say?

G. D.: Gave it up.

Don: How is Miss Sue Brett?

Dan: Dunno. Haven't seen her for a long time.

Don: Why, I thought she was an old flame of yours?

Dan: She was when I had money to burn.

M. E.: Your brother is something of a baseball fan, isn't he?

E. D.: "Fan" doesn't begin to express it. He is a regular windmill.

J. M.: I trust I make myself plain.

N. P.: You don't have to. Nature attended to that for you.

B. C.: Where did you get that shoe?

A. D.: From the foot of Main Street.

We're living in a much better neighborhood now.

So are we.

Have you moved, too?

No; we're still living in the street you moved away from.

She: "Do you like bobbed hair?"

He: "Never tasted the stuff."

She: "Do you think it's breakfast food?"

He: "No; squirrel's food."

Mr. Field's saying:

He who stays from gym away,
Must go twice some other day.

Paris used to set the styles. Now the South Sea Fiji Islands do.

Judge: Are you guilty or not guilty?

Rastus: Ef ah answered dat question, judge, it 'ould spoil dis here trial.—Life.

Eddie: "Does your boarding house lady get mad when you make remarks about her steak."

Bill: "Oh, no. That's not a tender spot with her."

Bob: They say he wanders in his mind.
Eddie: In that case he won't go very far.

What She Wanted

Whiff: What's your objection to that man—he seems square enough?

Sniff: Sure, square enough, but he hasn't been round enough.

Izzy: That tuner is pretty strong, isn't he?
Edna: How so?
Izzy: See how high he pitched the piano.

Patience: "How would you like to go for your honeymoon in an aeroplane?"

Patrice: "Not me—I should hate to miss the tunnels."

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Vagrancy, your honor. He was loafing around a street corner."

"Ah, impersonating an officer."

"Hello, old top, new car?"

"No; old car, new top."

"Here boy," said the man to the boy who was helping him drive a bunch of cattle, "hold this bull a minute, will you?"

"No," answered the boy, "I don't mind bein' a director in this company, but blamed if I want to be a stockholder."

Critic: "What! A hundred guineas for a charcoal drawing?"

Artist: "Well, then, think of the price of coal just now!"

As we understand it, the Public Service complains of poor business when we all are able to secure seats.

"I thought you said you were an exporter."

"Shuah, ah used to be a pohtah at de Gran' Central."

Esther: How's Bob's reputation as a dancer?
Lester: Pretty shaky.

Fred: Do you like "Caviar?"

Alice: I don't know. What is it, fox-trot or waltz.

First Tourist: "Well, how did you like the ruins?"

Second Tourist: "Oh, fine; but don't you think they are badly in need of repair?"

Teacher: "Johnny, what is it called when four people are singing?"

Johnny: "A quartet."

Teacher: "What is it called when two people are singing, William?"

Willie (after hesitating): "A pintet."

New Arrival: "Well, are the fish biting?"

Boy: "If they are, they're biting each other."

"That athlete is wiry, isn't he?"

"Yes; he used to be a lineman for the phone company."

Freshman: "Where do jailbirds come from?"

Soph: "They are raised from larks, bats, and swallows."

"Was that a new girl I saw you with last night?"

"Nope; just the old one painted over."

"The Ways of Girls," by Frederick Stanton Townley. This book is delightful reading and shows that the author writes from experience and not from conjecture. The advice it contains is very valuable and should be learned by all beginners in the **girl question.** An outsider has suggested changing the title to "Getting the Bounce," but Mr. Townley disapproves of this suggestion.

Dick: We have planked steak at our place every night!

Phil: How much is the board?

Beth: Do you have hot air in your house?

Peggy: Yes! Especially when I take my report card home.

We know a young lady that weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. She is riding a bicycle to reduce her weight. It is remarkable to see how much she fell off the first few days.

Did your friend, Miss Hansom, get her good looks from her father or her mother? From her uncle, he keeps a drug store.

I think my client will lose his case.
Have you exhausted all the means at your disposal?
No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.

Dealer: Any rags, old iron?
Business man: Go away! My wife isn't home!
Dealer (hesitatingly): Any old bottles?

Hostess: "Doesnt's it seem a shame that this chicken died for us?"
Coit: "Ah, yes! It is rather tough."

Ellen P.: My brother's gone to the country to regain his strength.
Ellen T.: How long is he going to stay?
Ellen P.: Seven days.
Ellen T.: Why seven days make one week!

In the peach business they eat what they can and what they can't they can. If they sell a can they can sell it, if they can't they cancel it.

Mr. Saylor: Why do all the students look at the insulation on that wire?
Mr. Noll: Oh, I suppose it is the natural tendency to rubber.

Sentries are the original hard luckers. Every night they are relieved of a watch.

What are you doing, my pretty maid?
"Cutting, sir," the dear girl said.
"But that's an awful crime you know.
Why not let your nice hair grow?"

While belles their lovely graces spread,
And beaux around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread
And won't have any but her.

Poland: I make good money from my pen.
Rodman: I didn't know you were a writer.
Addie: I raise hogs.

Strange thing about carpets, isn't it? You buy them by the yard and wear them out by the foot.

Algy (tired waiting): "Is your sister making up her mind whether to come down to see me, or not?"
Bobby: "It isn't her mind she's making up."

Heard in the Sanctum

Perry: "Say, you want to leave me alone. Where I come from they call me 'Bad Bill'."
Harlan: "Maybe where you come from they call you 'Bad Bill,' but where I come from they'd call you 'Sweet William'."

Ten Lesson Correspondence Course in Cutting. Edited by Miss Anne Bishop. All students should study this course. It gives all up-to-date ways of cutting. How to use sick slips and how to make use of the senior exams are given special attention in this course. Your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied after you have taken five lessons.

Doctor: "Your throat is in a very bad state. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"
Skipper: "Yes, I've been torpedoed six times."

United States Senator Howard Sutherland of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting office in the senator's state for the purpose of enlisting in the Regular Army. The examining physician found the young man sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to get in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours, you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally he said, "I'll tell you why I hate this so bad. You see, I walked nigh onto one hundred and fifteen miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back."

The Old, Old Scandal

"Take this seat, my dear,"
Winter bowed politely;
"I get off just here."
Spring accepted brightly.

With a jolt, ear-splitting,
Stopped the car—and bing!
There was Winter sitting
In the lap of Spring!

Have you ever noticed how polite the trees are? They always bough before leaving.

Perry: Will you kindly return the amount I paid for amusement tax?

Clerk: Why, sir?

Perry: We weren't amused.

Bob: I hear that you had a blow-out at your house last night?

Anne: No, that was just a report.

Lady: "You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen?"

Child: "Well, mother says it was too much yeast, but father says it was too little sugar."

He (cautiously): Would you say "yes" if I asked you to marry me?

She (still more cautiously): Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say "yes" if you asked me to marry you?

According to Dr. Bramer, the savages of Brumari Island never kiss each other. Judging by their photographs, we don't blame them.

Officer in Charge of Rifle Range: "Don't you know any better than to point an empty gun at me?"

Haight: "But it isn't empty, sir; it's loaded."

"Pa, what are ancestors?"

"Well, my son, I am one of yours. Your grandpa is another."

"Oh! Then why is it people brag about them?"

Europe has fifty languages and 587 variations. The comparatively small number of variations in their languages is due to the fact that they have no baseball writers over there.

Mental Arithmetic

Teacher: "Now, then, Johnny, if your father gave you seven cents and your mother gave you six and your uncle gave you four more, what would you have?"

Johnny wrinkled up his forehead and went into the silence for the space of several minutes.

"Come, come," said the teacher impatiently, "surely you can solve a simple little problem like that.'

"It ain't a simple problem at all," replied the boy, "I can't make up my mind whether I'd have an ice cream cone or go to the movies."

What Is Home?

Man (to angry wife): "Don't quarrel with me on the street. What have we got a home for?"

Stranger (who has just been supplied with much assorted information): "How well you know the neighborhood, my boy!"

"Well, you see, sir, I only explain it to strangers!"

Auto Warnings

Sign seen on Chicago Boulevard: "Autos will slow down to a walk."

Sign in London, O.: "Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our jail."

Little hoarded pennies,
Little dollar bills,
Make the mighty fortunes
Spoken of in wills.

Up or Down?

Hay: He was surely a farsighted man.

Dees: Why?

Hay: He had a fire extinguisher put in his coffin.

She: Harry told me a story last night.

He: Can he tell a good story?

She: Yes, he holds his audience from start to finish.

If you'll watch the baseball pitcher,
You will soon be shown,
That every little movement,
Has a meaning of its own.

SPORTS

GEORGE E. HAIGHT
ROBERT WOLFE
ALICE HODSON
LEW WESTRIECH

BARRINGER PLAYS SCORELESS TIE WITH PATERSON

On Saturday, October 1, in summer weather, Barringer's team played its first game with Paterson, resulting in a scoreless tie.

Paterson was a little heavier than our team and played a good offense. More than once the Barringer line was in danger of being crossed, only to regain the ball after the frequent fumbles of Paterson.

As it was the first game of both teams, much inexperience and uncertainty was noticeable.

Barringer excelled in the kicking, credit is due to Avallone and Wiebe. Thum held center, and Sturr barked signals at quarter.

Paterson led considerably in the early stages of the game, and would have had strong offense if they had not fumbled so repeatedly. After recovering, Barringer formed a strong line in front of them, and resorted to kicking.

After another fumble Barringer again took possession of the pigskin and made matters even by proving their ability to fumble just as well as Paterson, or anyone else.

Paterson skirted our ends completely and would have scored eventually had not Wiebe intercepted a beautiful forward in our territory.

A kicking battle came next and Barringer slightly excelled. Paterson next opened up with an attack around our ends, also succeeding this time in effecting a neat forward pass, which brought the ball to our five-yard line. Here the half ended.

In the last half Barringer kept in Paterson's territory all of the time, but did not get near enough to score:

Paterson's end, Big Bill Cinnegan and Don Hall were the stars.

The line up:

Barringer		Paterson
Belfatto	L.E.	Hall
Jarvis	L.T.	Conklin
Nergoffin	L.G.	Robinson
Thum	Center	Byrne
Harris	R.G.	Westervelt
Warbarton	R.T.	Taylor
Haney	R.E.	W. Cinnegan
Sturr	Q.B.	H. Cinnegan
Wiebe	L.H.	McDonald
Rodman	R.H.	Baisch
Avalone	F.B.	Da Giacoma

FIELD HOCKEY

Miss Decker reports a keen interest in field hockey this season. A meeting was held

Thursday, September 29, and a large number were present.

Practice started immediately and a fast team is developing.

A similar team is being organized among the Freshman girls under the guidance of Miss Duncan.

GET YOUR FOOTBALL TICKET AT SCHOOL

Tickets for all home games are on sale at the school by the girls. The price is 25 cents. If you wait until you reach the field the price is just a quarter.

CHEERING

The Cheering Squad is developing very well. With a little more practice we'll have the pep-piest, noisiest squad in the country.

These are some new cheers:

Go, team, go!
Go, team, go!
Hit 'em high! Hit 'em low!
Go, team, go!

BUCKLER.

Magna! Magna! Magna! vi!
Ad victoriam protidimini!
Cum vincetis maximo
Vos canemus grandeo.

MR. HAULENBECK.

"THAT BANNER"

The large banner seen by many at the opening game was presented to the Barringer Athletic Association by the Barringer fraternities and sororieties. It is the largest school banner we've seen, and will follow the teams to every Barringer game for years to come. The gift is appreciated by the A. A. teams and the school at large.

BARRINGER SQUELCHES PHILLIPSBURG 6 TO 0

Showing a vast improvement and an abundance of punch and fight which was conspicuous by its absence last week, Barringer's football warriors scored a win against the strong Phillipsburg outfit in a muddy encounter. Barringer wrested a 6 to 0 win from the Phillipsburg team, and thereby avenged the 6-6 tie last year. The game was as well played as could be expected, considering the inclement weather, and it produced some hair-raising thrills for the spectators.

As Phillipsburg teams are accustomed to doing—they immediately set out to get the jump from the first kick-off. Phillipsburg won the toss and elected to receive. Thum's kick-off was good. O'Connel, left half for Phillipsburg, received the pill on his own ten-yard line, and in the most spectacular sort of way wriggled and squirmed his way through the whole Barringer team until little Hopkins downed him on Barringer's forty-yard line. After a series of plunges Phillipsburg circled left end for a twenty-yard run, but fumbled on the next play, and Bynes recovered the ball. Wiebe booted the ball to safety and Barringer had successfully passed all danger of being scored upon for that quarter. Byrnes was being used frequently and successfully on line bucks mainly. Phillipsburg buckled up however and Barringer, unable to pierce their line, tried a drop kick, but the ball being all covered with slime, and very difficult to handle, Wiebe made a poor kick. In the second quarter, on their first attempt to dazzle their opponents with aerial play, Phillipsburg failed, when Wiebe caught one on his own twenty-yard line. Sargent dropped back to drop kick and also failed. The half ended with Phillipsburg throwing forward passes all over the lot.

Phillipsburg, during the second half, continually threatened Barringer with defeat, but the blue and white staved off defeat, did a little extra, and earned victory. With rainfall stopping, Barringer took on a new lease of life, Phillipsburg still trying to pierce the line, and finding the going hard, gave this up as a bad job, and kicked to Barringer's thirty-five yard line. Byrnes received and ran the fall back for twenty yards. Greatly encouraged, Barringer started a march down the field. Wiebe made a good gain on a bunch-tackle play and by a series of well executed line bucks by the whole blue and white backfield Barringer found herself in possession of the ball on Phillipsburg's twenty-five-yard line. Avallone covered the twenty-five yards and made the one and only touchdown of the game. Thum failed in his initial try of the season. The last quarter

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After sitting quietly and tensely on the floor for several minutes he again crawled into his blankets and tried to snatch some sleep. He had just about reached that state of semi-consciousness that comes before actual sleep, when there came a sudden, tremendous, grinding, screeching crash, as if a thousand bedlams had been let loose at once, followed by steady thumping, crunching vibrations accompanied by countless squeaks.

Jim, in fright, jumped clear out of his blankets, in a dazed sort of condition, not knowing just what to do. However, in less time than it takes to tell, he gathered his wits together and started for the stairs to investigate. He was just about to place his foot on the top step when it, with the rest of the stairs, disappeared from sight and landed with a loud crash on the floor below.

He was standing bewilderedly looking down into black space when he heard excited whispers below.

"Are you hurt?" said one.

"No, are you?" came the second.

"Then let's get out of here." It was the first again.

Jim slept the rest of the night in peace, for as he rightly guessed, the two followers had merely set the old machinery into motion and caused the thumping to scare him. The old rotted stair-case had been unable to withstand the combined weight of two boys and had caved in, exposing their plot.

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went homeward (the pilot had discovered his mistake) Josh, his eyes smarting with pain, played on and the children listened.

Not until they were walking to their homes did several children notice that something was wrong with Josh. Suddenly he sat down on the steps of a house and, before long, became unconscious. He was taken into the house and a doctor was called. The doctor shook his head after he had examined Josh. The case was serious, he thought.

Later other physicians came but no one could help Josh. Instead, while trying to cure him, they disfigured his face. Slowly he became blind, first in one and then the other eye. Never was he heard to complain of his misfortune.

The children of that day's episode grew up as Josh grew old. Soon they brought their children to him to be amused just as they had been years before. And he was always ready.

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not unfamiliar to sporting page readers. This youth knows the trail to the office; in fact, his trips thereto are a "Sine qua non" of his troubled journey diploma-ward. For, as he puts it, "It's a hard job to keep up a batting average of 7."

The Good Fellow represents a third type. During his short career in the high school he does little work in recitation room or out; effort irks him. His occasional attempts at study are chronologically related to his father's calls at the school and are generally noticeable for a day or so after the first Monday of the month. The Good Fellow is hail-fellow-well-met with his companions. His sunshiny disposition tempers the blasts of recitation room adversity. He is frank and genuine in his lack of scholarly pretensions. When, perchance, he strays into the broad path that leads to discipline he meets his obligations cheerfully, settles up and departs without a thought of malice. Genial he remains to the end.

And there are many sub-types. There is the pupil who never-heard-it-before; and his kinsman who doesn't have time to get **this** lesson because **that** lesson was too long. Then there is the boy whose voice is megaphonic in the corridor and microphonic in recitation; and the one whose most strenuous effort toward high standing is made in the monthly interview with his teacher after the cards are given out. The athletic invalid is also with us, a most remarkable freak—sick abed one day and winning medals or making touchdowns the next. And so on, this little school-world of ours is constantly presenting kaleidoscopic permutations of most picturesque forms.

Now, it must not be inferred that each of our boys is consigned to some one of the above classifications. Not at all. Most of them are bundles of various trends. They are composite, uniting the tendencies of the student, the Pupil of Affairs and the Good Fellow in different proportions. And it is well. For the pupil who

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the name, Mary L. Bennett. She sighed, for her's was an impossible task, so she thought. How could she win the prize of a hundred dollars with Mary Bennett against her? With a shaking hand she wrote her name, Jennie Frances Jones. But while she was signing a group of young people passed who were evidently discussing the results of the contest.

"I suppose Mary will get it?"

"Yes, I suppose she will; she gets everything that way."

"She is the most conceited girl in the whole school. I wish some one would give her a good jolt by showing that some one else besides Miss Bennett can get prizes, but I don't know who could beat her," the first speaker said.

"She does seem to get everything she goes after at all costs, doesn't she? You ought to hear the way Jack says she wheedles her father out of money, and Jack ought to know. He went with her for about two months."

"Yes, for two months," the girls all giggled.

Jenny gasped. Her idol had been shattered. But she soothed her feelings with the thought that the girls must be jealous.

In spite of her discouragement she went to work with a will for the hundred dollar prize. The day the contest was announced her youngest brother, Willy, fell ill with pneumonia. He was feverish for days and tossed wildly about. To help out with the additional expense Jenny got a night job in one of the durg stores. She worked until eleven and then came home to work for the prize. If only she could get the hundred dollars in time, so that Willy could go to the hospital and be cared for!

A few days before the essays were to be handed in, Mary forgetting one of her school books ran back to her room. She thought that the building was deserted, but what was that in the next room? Could some one be crying. She peeked in and saw little Jenny Jones weeping over what looked like an essay. Jenny had finished it, but she was so tired that she just cried from exhaustion. Mary had cried and had seen other people cry, but she had never seen anyone cry alone in what she thought was a deserted building. It was quite evident that the tears were about the manuscript, Mary thought. What if she, Mary, should give up? Oh, no, she could not give up now. She had written it all and it was lying neatly in her desk to be handed in on the morrow. She walked briskly out of the building. After she had gotten half way home she stalked back to school. Arriving there she shut her eyes, went to her desk and tore into tiny pieces her manuscript. Jenny needed the money, she didn't. She probably would have gotten the prize, but now minety-nine chances out of a hundred Jenny would get it. It was the first really unselfish act that Mary had ever done in her eighteen years.

No one knew that Mary did not hand in her manuscript. She never told.

On graduation night the principal arose to give the prize to the winner. Everyone gasped when they heard the name of Jenny Jones read. But Mary looked straight ahead with the sweetest smile right into her mother's eyes. How charmingly like her grandmother she was growing to be!

Jenny never knew about Mary's giving up of the prize and Mary never knew that her unselfish deed had saved the life of little Willy. But the reward came to her when she saw the admiring glance of Jenny and returned it for the first time with a charming smile.

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gets the most from his high school course is he who pulls his weight in the classroom, who enters heartily into his extra-curriculum obligations and who spreads the cheer of his presence among his associates. Many such have been among the boys I have met and many such are now with us.

Pardon is asked for the strictly masculine tone of this brief sketch—imperatively brief by editorial mandate. It is to be hoped that the feminine side of the school will not be ignored, that a readier pen will take it up in some future number of the Acropolis. For my part, I could no more analyze the school life of our girls than I could dissect a bouquet.

ARTHUR V. TAYLOR.

Right!

Teacher (trying to impress on class the definition of cynic): Young man, what would you call a man who pretended to know everything?

Senior: A teacher.

(Continued from page 12)

most out of the trip. One division of the party found a "free drink counter." As soon as this division chanced upon some other members of the party they were sent to find the "free drink counter." While they were hunting for the refreshments the first party found some complimentary pencils. As the other party did not find the soda, the fortunate division, out of sympathy, gave the pencils to the poor unfortunates.

On the return trip every one was treated to refreshments by Mr. Dumm. On reaching Newark all hastened home for the evening meal.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

The first meeting of the Girls' League was held October 4 in the auditorium at 8:45. The former president, Charlotte Stearns, opened the meeting with a hearty welcome to all the girls, old and new. The treasurer's report was then given by Dorothy Benjamin.

The nominees for the different offices were then read by Miss Stearns, after which more nominations were made from the floor. A short speech was made for each candidate showing her virtues, and the reasons why she would ably fill the office.

The following are the nominees:

PRESIDENT

Harriet Bellah — Isabel Cattenack
Dorothy Benjamin — Ruth Robbins

VICE-PRESIDENT

Kathryn Elkins — Mildred Furman
Helen Stevens

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

Frances Clark — Irene O'Crawley
Helen Mawha — Ellen Thompson
Polly Van Dorn

RECORDING SECRETARY

Helen Clements — Esther Obertriffter
Beatrice Kenny — Alice Smith
Edna Van Duyne

TREASURER

Marjorie Chapman — Betty Mingle
Ethel Maier — Eleanor Reynolds

ITALIAN CLUB

The Italian Club met on October 6 to hold its elections. Five officers were chosen to form the ruling council for this term. Good-natured competition for the position made the voting more than ordinarily interesting. The results are: For councilmen, Jerry Garfola, Vincent Barra and Ralph Ricciardi; for council-ladies, Lillian Rizzolo and Genevieve Weyand. They are an energetic and enthusiastic group, and the club members expect a very active time under their guidance.

Newark has commemorated the sex-centenary of Dante's death. Many members of the Italian Club of Barringer H. S. were present at the exercises held in connection with the unveiling of the bust of Dante in the rotunda of the City Hall on Sunday, September 18. The principal speaker for the occasion was City Commissioner Thomas Raymond, and his simple, sincere words of tribute to the Divine Poet are well worth remembering. His plea for more attention to literature such as Dante's work is especially to be noted. We quote some of his words:

"Everybody talks about Dante's Divina Commedia, but we do not hear so much about another beautiful poem of his which is so charming and so simple that any one can read it. I refer to the Vita Nuova. If you do not read Italian you can read it in the translation by Rossetti, who, though not an Italian himself, was born of Italian parents. In the Vita Nuova, Dante tells the story of his love for Beatrice in a most touching and charming way. The beauty of that medieval love still shines out from those simple but beautiful lines, and the soul of Dante runs through it in step with his great heart.

"I wonder how many of us ever read those three cantici of the Divina Commedia. The trouble is that it requires a great deal of preparation and great patience. I feel that it requires more preparation and patience than most of the men and women of 1921 are capable of and yet I have the hardihood to stand here and say that we ought to do it. There are magnificent translations into English. Our America here has given the world three of the most notable translations of the Divina Commedia. Charles Eliot Norton has made a prose translation which ranks as a great translation all over

Harlan: I don't know whether to be a dentist or an ear specialist.

Dr. DeVoe: Be a dentist, son! Every one has thirty-two teeth but only two ears.

Prison Visitor: Why are you here?

Counterfeiter: Oh, I just decided to make a little change.

"I simply can't break the news," he said, as the paper fell to the floor intact.

Mr. Johnson: Find the least common denominator of ——.

Voice from the rear: You don't mean to say **that old thing's lost again.**

1B: Dad, what's an advertisement?

Dad: An advertisement, sonny, is a picture of a girl eating, wearing, holding or driving something somebody wants to sell.

Mr. Hart: What state is Denver in?

Campbell: Pretty good. It could be better.

Mr. Losee: He's a promising lad.

Mr. Saylor: Yes, he's been sued for breach of promise three times.

When Homer smote his bloomin' lyre
  He smote his way to fame;
But many million simple souls
  Have never heard his name!

When Babe Ruth smites the bloomin' ball,
  And smites it o'er the fence,
His homer makes the Grecian one
  Resemble thirty cents.

Dot: Can farmers make cider since prohibition has gone into effect?

Anne: Sure! Haven't you heard of freedom of the press?

Benny: What's that rasping noise in the office?

Jesse: Guess somebody's filing a complaint.

She: I don't know you from Adam!

He: Well, you ought to. I'm dressed different.

Their Mottoes

The Grocer: Honest tea is the best policy.

The Lawyer: Where there's a will, there's pay.

The Hunter: A bird to the eyes is sufficient.

The Architect: Too low they build who build below $10,000.

The Pawnbroker: It is never too late to lend.

The Day Laborer: Live to earn and earn to live.

The Anarchist: Little strokes fell great folks.

The Dog: A good mange is rather to be be chosen than great itches.

The Real Estate Agent: A lot near at hand is worth two in the bushes.

Sunday School Teacher: "Nancy, why must we be kind to the poor?"

Nancy: "Please, teacher, because in these days any of them might become rich."

"How far have you studied, Johnny?" inquired the teacher.

"Just as far as the book is dirty, ma'am."

Mike: "I thought the sale of that novel was prohibited."

Ike: "Yes, got it from a bootlegger."

"Paw, what's a 'waiting list?'"

"A telephone directory, my son."

"It's getting pretty expensive, this playing golf."

"Yes, but after the first few thousands you don't much care."

"Well, anyway," said the optimist just before drowning, "this will teach me a lesson."—Life.

"That fellow is conceited, isn't he?"

"I'll say so. He even expects the discharge of his duty to make a noise that is heard around the world."

If at first you do succeed, look out.

Doctor: "Did you ever take a regula massage?"

"I ride in the subway every day."—Life.

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(Continued from page 20)

found Phillipsburg still waiting for the break which never came. They attempted many forwards, but after one was intercepted by Avalone in the last stanza of the game, they resorted to the olf-fashioned bucking and ended running game.

The line-up:

Barringer		Phillipsburg
Belfatto	L.E.	Ribble
Jarvis	L.T.	Rhinehart (C.)
Burgoffen	L.G.	Punsel
Thum (C)	C.	Willeven
Harris	R.G.	Weighorst
Matthes	R.T.	Mickel
Rodman	R.E.	Cole
Wiebe	Q.B.	Sargen
Hopkins	L.H.	O'Connel
Byrnes	R.H.	Lair
Avallone	F.B.	Niaens

Score by periods:

Barringer	0	0	6	0—6
Phillipsburg	0	0	0	0—0

Substitutions—Barringer: Townley for Belfatto; Phillipsburg: Pursel for Schonenburger, Cook for Punsel. Referee—Madden, Yale. Umpire—Hall, Seton Hall. Head Linesmen—Rose, Springfield. Time of quarters—10 minutes.

(Continued from page 26)

Mr. Stearns, our principal, emphasized the value of a high school education. The parents were shown to the Library, where refreshments were served. The 1B's remained in the auditorium and heard Miss Weiss play "Hungarian Rhapsody," by Hauser.

Miss Darnell then led the school in singing our school songs. The 1B's then went out by the center door and all received lollypops, which was more than some of the Senior A's received at their own 1B reception.

4A

The regular monthly meeting of the 4A Class was held on Monday, October 10, in Room 33. The reports of the officers were read and accepted. By a motion from the floor, all the members of the 1B Reception Committee were thanked for their services.

A discussion on whether the 4A entertainment should be held in the afternoon or evening followed. No definite action was taken, but the Social Committee was asked to find out which would be more profitable. The Senior Acropolis Examinations were announced and the business manager of the Acropolis urged every one to get advertisements for the Senior Number. The rates of the advertisements are posted in each Senior Home Room.

The meeting adjourned as far as the boys were concerned, but the girls remained and decided to wear ribbons on the following day, Tuesday, October 11.

SPORT SCRIBBLINGS

Barringer's showing against her first opponent, Paterson, was not as disappointing as some sport writers would have the majority of us believe. In the first place Barringer was completely outweighed; in the second place, with at least four men of varsity caliber out with minor hurts, the team was less effective because of the new men who had to replace them. For men who were receiving their first baptism of fire, we will say that they behaved rather nicely!!

Then again, three men of the four in our backfield and three in the line were new to Coach Pritchard!!

If there's anything that Coach Pritchard detests and raves about its fumbles—and fumbles in that Paterson game were few and far between. So with our full strength—bright days ahead, never fear!

Our ends were woefully weak, and Paterson noticed it very quickly and she threw line bucks and forward passing plays to the winds in favor of running our ends.

Well, Barringer was in a tussle when they met Phillipsburg and praise can certainly be showered on Couch Pritchard for the complete change in the power of the team. They held up splendidly.

Byrnes strengthened the backfield considerably, and with Moerner soon completely recovered. There is ground for confidence.

Avallone and Wiebe are both playing a fine game in the backfield, while Thum is passing the ball consistently. Somebody must be found to kick goals after touchdowns, it may mean winning games.

Mister Pluvius is starting his tricks rather early. The Phillipsburg game was played in a drizzle throughout, getting us ready for E. O.

(Continued from page 5)

1B Room 57[1]. Dorothy Ackerman, Robert Crum.
Room 76[1]. Virginia Leach.
Room 83[1]. Frances Parkhurst.
Room 87[1]. Helen Monteith, Joseph Moore, Huylan Potter, Richard Potter.
Room 92[1]. Leslie Ault.

Bill: Old Tightwad is a distant relative of yours, isn't he?

Harlan: Oh, not so distant. I find he's mighty close when I want to borrow.

'Twas in a restaurant they met—
Fair Romeo and Juliet,
And Romeo was broke you bet,
For Rome-owed what Juli-et.

Mrs. Bishop: Who was in the living room with you last night?

Annie: Why-er-er, Nell was here for a while!

Mrs. Bishop: Well, will you please tell her she left her pipe on the window-sill.

Wifie: You don't seem to like the rice?

Hubby: No! It's associated with one of the greatest mistakes of my life.

Uncle Hiram: I see that shooting craps is getting to be a popular craze.

Aunt Miranda: Why can't they let the poor things live?

Dan: "I just bought a Ford."
Nan: "I got a Rolls-Royce."
Dan: "That's a good car, too, isn't it?"

Melita: Why was Eve made?
Nell: For Adam's Express Company.

Principal: Did you receive my letter?

Stude: Yes, sir. I read it inside and outside. Inside it said, "You are expelled," and outside it said, "Return in five days."

A man was brought into court for the illicit distilling of whiskey.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Joshua," replied the prisoner.

"Oh! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?" inquired the judge.

"No," was the reply. "I'm the Joshua who made the moonshine."

Barber: You say you've been here before? I don't seem to recognize your face.

Customer: Of course not! It's all healed up now.

Tramp: I haven't tasted food for seven days.

Rich man (patting him on the back): Cheer up, old man, it tastes just the same as it did seven days ago.

Swats of batters all remind us,
Games are in the ninth oft won;
That's the reason why you find us
Basing hopes on that home run.

Lawyer: "And what was the defendant doing meanwhile?"

Witness: "He was telling me a funny story."

Lawyer: "Remember, sir, you are under oath."

Witness: "Well, anyway, he was telling me a story."

Mrs. A. (at resort): "Doesn't it worry you to write to your husband for more money?"

Mrs. B.: "Not at all. If he is having a good time he owes it to me, and if he isn't having a good time he has saved it."

Father: "You ought to go to work now; you have reached your majority."

Grad: "Yes, but mine isn't a working majority."—Ex.

"My father put down a disturbance last night."

"Is that right?"

"Yes; he ate a Welsh rarebit."

Office Boy: "There's a member of the varsity team outside. He wants his photo done."

Photographer: "Side face?"

Office Boy: "No, half-back."—Life.

Teacher: Now, children, it is a curious fact that the bee stings only once."

Boy: "But, isn't once enough?"

Tom: "What's the matter, lame leg?"

Jerry: "Nope, boot-leg."—Ex.

"What is a budget?"

"Well, it is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterward."

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Mother: "Hush! You two children are always quarreling. Why can't you agree once in a while?"

Georgia: "We do agree, mamma; Edith wants the largest apple and so do I."

Beggar: Please help me to recover my child?

Lady: Is your child lost?

Beggar: No, mum, but his clothes are worn out.

"I hear that your wife is going to deliver an address here tonight, Mr. Sophley."

"My dear lady, it's no use to appeal to me, I can't stop her."

From son to father:

The rose is red,
The violet blue;
Send me fifty,
I love you.

From father to son:

The rose is red,
And also pink;
Here is fifty,
I don't think!

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